

# Mildred & Trevanion

BY THE DUCHESS.

## CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

"Can't my dear fellow; don't you see how engaged I am?" answered Eddie, casting an expressive glance at Sylvia Lisle, who blushed and simpered, and lowered her white lids in acknowledgment of the most bewitching manner. "Denzil, you are doing nothing—go and succor the lost damsel, and restore her to the bosom of her bereaved family."

"Yes, do go, and explain things to her, Young," implored the unsuspecting Lyndon, "and just say how it was I was put in for my cousin. It is an awful bore," confided his lordship in a heartbroken whisper, "but what can a man do when a girl comes crying to him about some miserable boy's stupidity? You bring Mildred home safely, there's a good fellow; remember, I leave her to you;" and, without waiting for a reply, Lyndon bustled off, greatly to his cousin's relief, who dreaded lest some inopportune chance should again consign her to young Summerton's care.

Both Lady Caroline and Mabel, who alone there knew his secret, had gone long since, so Denzil was left with no one to assist him in this hour of perplexity—with no one to aid him in escaping the tete-a-tete drive that apparently lay before him. Ever since his arrival at King's Abbott he and Mildred had scarcely spoken to each other—had shown, indeed, a mutual, though unspoken determination to avoid each other in every possible way.

Then came the thought that she—knowing nothing of the circumstances—would perhaps imagine that he had connived at this arrangement, and had made the most of the opportunity offered to gain undisputed possession of her society for the long homeward drive.

Mildred was in a sadder plight than Denzil dreamed. Having wandered rather farther than she had had any intention of doing on first setting out, and discovering that a wood in January is by no means the same thing that it is in July, she began to retrace her steps with the design of returning home with her mother. Dreading that she might be late, and feeling besides intensely cold she commenced to run, and as she ran her foot came upon a frozen pool, slipping upon which she came heavily to the ground.

Raising herself up again directly and thinking nothing of it she hurried on once more, but presently an intense pain in her foot startled her, which in a few minutes increased to such a degree that she was obliged to seat herself on the trunk of a fallen tree and acknowledge herself disabled, considering how best to acquaint her friends with her mishap.

Fully half an hour passed thus, and she was almost upon the verge of despair, when footsteps coming hurriedly toward her from a side direction roused her, and raising her eyes, she beheld Denzil. She blushed crimson.

"What has brought him?" she wondered. "Surely Lyndon?"

"At last I have found you," said Denzil in his coldest tone, and as though he were politely bored at having been put to so much inconvenience. "I have come to tell you that the others are all gone."

"Gone!" echoed Mildred, with astonishment. "Then where is Lord Lyndon?"

"His cousin, Miss Deverill, was so nervous that she insisted on his driving her home, so he commissioned me to find you, and bear you his apologies," returned Denzil, repeating his lesson with prompt decision.

"I do not understand his treating me in such a manner," said Miss Trevanion, very pale and proud; "and where were Eddie and Charlie?"

"They also were fully occupied," Denzil said bitterly; "but your sister, preferring to return home with Lady Caroline, unfortunately left me free."

Mildred bit her lip.

"I regret very much that you should have given yourself this trouble," she said slowly—"I am sorry you have come."

"And so am I," returned Denzil, haughtily; "but it is not my doing. I beg you to believe, Miss Trevanion, that if I could have avoided it I would have done so." Then, seeing she made no attempt to move, he added, "Had you better not come? It is getting very late."

She made no answer, but, putting her hand against the side of the tree, raised herself to a standing position. As the injured foot, however, was brought more firmly to the ground a spasm of pain contracted her face.

"What is the matter? Have you hurt yourself?" he asked, in a somewhat softer tone.

"I have strained my foot in some awkward way—it is nothing," she answered.

"Perhaps you had better take my arm," said he, still coldly; and she returned.

"No, thank you; I think I can manage to get on," and she did manage for a few yards or so, when she faltered, uttering a faint moan.

"What is the use of your persisting in this folly?" exclaimed Denzil, angrily. "Do you wish to be laid up for a month? Take my arm directly or—I think it would be better. I dare say

I could do it without breaking down, as it is not very far."

"No," she answered indignantly—"certainly not. I can walk quite well." But she took his arm for all that, and for a while hobbled along, miserably, beside him, her face white with pain.

"This is madness!" cried Denzil, and forthwith, not asking any further leave, took her up in his arms, and walked on again, so burdened, with a frowning brow and a set, unpleasant expression about his lips.

Miss Trevanion was so taken by surprise and so utterly prostrated with pain, that at first she made no protest, but presently began to cry quietly in a broken, wretched sort of way. Denzil stopped.

"Shall I put you down?" he asked, sternly.

The situation, being unsought by him, and extremely distasteful—with his heart beating passionately, as if to warn him how insufficiently under control it was—compelled him to assume an ill-temper he was very far from really feeling. Miss Trevanion sobbed on, but made no reply, knowing she had none to make, and so wisely refraining from speech of any kind; whereupon Denzil marched on as before not addressing another word to her.

He was a strong man; but a full-grown, healthy young woman was no light weight—so it was no disgrace to his manhood to confess that when at length he had her safely deposited in the carriage, he was rather glad than regretful.

Taking the reins from the boy and throwing him some silver, he drove away without a single glance at his companion, as she lay back exhausted among the cushions he had carefully, but sulkily arranged for her.

Mildred's foot having been examined and pronounced "likely to be tedious but not serious," she was comfortably ensconced on a sofa in her mother's sitting-room, whence, after dinner, she sent word that she would be very glad to see them all if they would come and sit with her. So consequently about nine o'clock, considerable noise and laughter might have been heard issuing from the boudoir, where they had all assembled obedient to her commands—all, that is, save Eddie, Miss Lisle and Denzil Younge, with one or two others who had lingered in the billiard-room. Lord Lyndon had, of course, been the first to approach Mildred to inquire how she was and express his tender, loving regrets that she should have no injured herself; but finding her, though sweet and gracious as usual, somewhat disinclined for conversation, he had left her presently with the entreaty that she would try to sleep, and so subdue all feverish symptoms. But she was flushed and restless, and could not compose herself, so lay open-eyed, though silent, with her gaze fixed upon the door.

## CHAPTER XV.

"Mildred," said Sir George, one night about a fortnight later on, "if you really mean hunting tomorrow, you will have to be up betimes, as we shall have to start more than usually early on account of the distance we have to go."

"I shall be ready," answered Mildred. Accordingly, the next morning, true to her word, she was down-stairs equipped, even to the dainty little whip she carried in her hand, before any one but Denzil had put in an appearance.

Lyndon arriving shortly afterward in time for breakfast, they hastily dispatched that meal, and started directly after for the meet, which was at some considerable distance—Miss Trevanion and the acknowledged lover in front, Sir George with the discarded in the background.

On their way they fell in with Frances Sylverton, attended only by a groom—Charlie having gone to rejoin his regiment some days before—who called out gayly that she had come this route on the mere chance of meeting them, and was therefore, for once in her life, unfelicitously glad to see them.

"And what has happened to you, O knight of the rueful countenance?" she asked, merrily, of Denzil, reining in her horse beside him.

"I had no idea I was looking so lugubrious," he said laughing, "and I don't believe I am either. It is the morning mist that has got into your usually bright eyes."

"No, it is not," persisted Miss Sylverton, emphatically, shaking her head; "the signs of woe upon your face are unmistakable. I suppose you have a presentiment that you will be slain today, and naturally don't relish it."

"You are wrong," said he—"entirely wrong. If I felt the shadow of such a feeling upon me, I should go straight home again and wait for the dawning of some luckier day."

And then immediately afterward they came within full view of the hounds, as they stood clustered together in the hollow, for the most part seeming one mass of spotted skin and waving, restless tails.

Three hours later, and Miss Trevanion, with heightened color and warmed blood, was riding excitedly

along to the occasional music of the forward hounds. A little in front, Sir George and Lyndon gave her the lead while behind there were none; for all those who had met that morning but few now remained to be in at the "death." Some finding the pace to hold in the beginning had wisely drawn rein and solemnly plodded home again; others, more adventurously but scarcely so well judging, trusting to flicks fortune to favor the brave, had come to a violent end and now sat or stood lamenting their fate and abusing their goddess in no very measured terms; while of those who still held on—among whom was Frances Sylverton—most of them rode to Mildred's left, down deep in the hollow of Hart's Chase, leaving to her right but one, and that was Denzil.

A passionate lover of riding and devoted to sport, Younge's keenest enjoyment was to feel a good horse under him, with the certainty of a hard day's run in view; and today, his mount being undeniable, he was growing almost happy again.

Having made a false move about half an hour before he was now crashing through or over everything that came in his way, to make up for lost time, and gain on Sir George and Lyndon, who—clever and wary sportsmen both—had sailed along from the beginning straight in the line of victory, without a moment's swerve.

Just as Denzil at last caught sight of them and knew himself to be once more in the right way, he found he was on the same ground with Mildred Trevanion, only considerably higher up. It was a lengthy meadow, straggling and untidy in form, and Mildred, entering at the lower end, could scarcely distinguish her companion above, but succeeded in making a shrewd conjecture nevertheless.

From where she was it was easy enough to get into the adjoining field, but with Denzil it was far different. A short ugly wall rose before him, surmounted by a hedge of some sort, thick and prickly, which effectually concealed from view the heavy fall on the other side. Still, it was not exactly an impossible thing to take, though decidedly a "facer," and Denzil, understanding the danger and trusting to his horse to carry him through, determined to risk it, come what might.

Miss Trevanion, slightly ahead of him now—having managed her last jump satisfactorily—turned nervously in her saddle to see how it would end. She wondered breathlessly whether—whatever he was—she knew of the—And then she saw the horse rise, land at the other side, stagger, and then, plunging helplessly forward, bring itself and its rider heavily to the ground.

Mildred shut her eyes and pressed her teeth cruelly on her under lip to suppress the scream that rose so naturally from her heart, and when she summoned courage to look up she found the horse had risen and stood trembling at some little distance off, while on the grass lay motionless a mass of brilliant scarlet cloth and a gleam of golden hair.

(To be continued.)

## POLL TAXES IN A. D. 122.

The Rev. Dr. William C. Winslow, vice-president of the Egypt exploration fund, says that in addition to the papiri recently presented by the society to several universities there is a valuable lot of forty-three papiri which have been received for distribution, largely treating of business and civil matters in the first centuries of our era. Among the seven papiri for Columbia university is a tax collector's return showing items and how the collectors made returns in A. D. 122. The rise of the Nile was the greatest annual event, and upon it taxes were calculated. Hence one of the six papiri sent to Johns Hopkins, treating of the unwearied land tilled by Ptolemaeus, A. D. 123, is peculiarly interesting. She declares that her field at Euhemeria did not get the water. Her plea, in a word, is: "No crops, no taxes."

## How London Could Be Defended.

If the Dutch ever sail up the Thames again, or a Norman force land, London will not be unprepared. In the archives of Pall Mall repose musty schemes for the defense of the metropolis which it was thought would be undisturbed until the war department commenced to move into its new palace. But there are busy men about and as a result new schemes will be forthcoming for the defense of London. Something like 60 batteries of artillery will be allotted to the defense, including guns of heavy caliber, 4.7 and 6 inches, which will be mounted in commanding positions, covering a wide, sweeping arc. The mobile force for defense will include nearly 100 15-pounder field guns, and an army corps of three divisions of regular infantry and 100 volunteers.—London Express.

## Beating Gladstone in Argument.

Mr. Eden Eddis, a famous English portrait painter in his day, who was once nearly elected an R. A., has just died within a few days of his 82nd birthday. He once was discussing with Mr. Gladstone what was the brightest color in nature. The statesman claimed that red was; the artist said that even in the dark you could see the blue flowers in a garden. Mr. Eddis showed Mr. Gladstone a photograph where the red flowers remained dead, undetached from the leaves, but the blue flowers were light and visible in all their forms. Then the controversy terminated abruptly with "Good-night, Mr. Eddis!"

## CHINA WAR NEWS.

The state department has been made fully acquainted by Mr. Rockhill with the character of the proposition as to the floating of the indemnity loan unfolded at Peking. While grave objections are perceived to the Russian project for a joint guarantee of the loan, because of the immense difficulty of securing the assent of congress to an agreement which would entangle for more than a quarter of a century at least, there is nothing in Mr. Rockhill's instructions which would cause him to antagonize the proposition, provided it is fully developed so as to secure the safety of the loan while assuring the integrity of China. It is suggested that these objects can be best secured by causing China to deliver to each nation bonds bearing 4 per cent interest to the face value of the nation's indemnity claim. The nation holding the bonds could dispose of them at its pleasure, it could affix its own guarantee and sell the bonds in the open market. England, too, is opposed to a joint guarantee of loan.

Reports have been received from Peking to the effect that Field Marshal Count von Waldersee has informed the Chinese that the troops will not leave Peking until the court returns, and he himself is received in imperial audience. The French have withdrawn from the Shansi expedition, and the English have refused to take any part in it. It is probable, therefore, that the Germans will be compelled to go alone. In spite of constant and threatening difficulties, Count von Waldersee, single-handed, continues to maintain the prestige of foreigners in this part of China.

A dispatch from Taku says that Gen. Chaffee was told as he was about to leave Peking that there were two cases of smallpox among the Indian troops now in camp at Tonku, where the Americans were to proceed to board their transports. Gen. Chaffee is now awaiting developments. In the event of being held by quarantine he will probably move up the Pei river for two weeks.

The foreign ministers' meeting at Peking on the 23d was very unsatisfactory. No power was willing to accede to the Americans' idea of a reduction of the Chinese indemnity to \$200,000,000, though Great Britain recognizes the advisability of some reduction.

## CUBA AND PHILIPPINE NEWS.

On the 23d El Mundo claimed that the Cuban constitutional convention stood 14 to 14 on the Platt amendment. President Capote being opposed to it and controlling the deciding vote.

Capt. Barrows, Capt. Reed and Lieut. Boyer, the former U. S. army officers sentenced to five years, three years and one year respectively for participation in the commissary frauds recently exposed at Manila, were lodged in Bilibid prison on the 23d.

Further cases of smallpox have been discovered on board the U. S. transport Indiana and the 9th regiment, U. S. infantry, which left Peking on the 23d on its way to Manila, has gone into camp at Taku. The doctors have been instructed to make a report as to what length of time must elapse before it will be safe to allow the troops on board the transport.

## BASE BALL.

Below we publish the standing of the American and National league clubs up to and including the games played on Sunday, May 26:

AMERICAN LEAGUE.			
	Won.	Lost.	Per ct.
Chicago.....	19	8	.704
Detroit.....	18	13	.578
Washington.....	11	9	.551
Baltimore.....	11	8	.579
Boston.....	11	11	.500
Milwaukee.....	10	15	.400
Cleveland.....	8	19	.296
Philadelphia.....	7	17	.292
NATIONAL LEAGUE.			
	Won.	Lost.	Per ct.
New York.....	14	7	.667
Cincinnati.....	15	10	.600
Philadelphia.....	13	12	.520
Pittsburgh.....	13	12	.520
Brooklyn.....	12	13	.480
Boston.....	10	12	.455
St. Louis.....	11	16	.407
Chicago.....	11	19	.367

## THE MARKETS.

LIVE STOCK.			
	New York.	Cattle.	Sheep.
Best grades.....	\$1 75-80	\$1 75	\$7 00
Lower grades.....	2 40-45	8 25	5 00
Chicago.			
Best grades.....	\$1 45-50	4 05	5 75
Lower grades.....	1 15-20	4 15	5 00
Detroit.			
Best grades.....	\$1 30-35	4 75	5 25
Lower grades.....	2 75-30	3 75	4 85
Buffalo.			
Best grades.....	\$1 00-15	4 75	5 00
Lower grades.....	2 65-30	3 00	5 05
Cincinnati.			
Best grades.....	\$1 45-50	4 25	5 50
Lower grades.....	2 30-24	3 90	4 50
Pittsburg.			
Best grades.....	\$1 55-55	4 30	5 30
Lower grades.....	2 30-35	4 00	5 10

GRAIN, ETC.			
	Wheat.	Corn.	Oats.
No. 2 red.....	No. 2 mix.	No. 2 white.	
New York.....	79 75-80	49 75	38 25-39 50
Chicago.....	72 1/2	42 1/2-43 1/2	28 25-29 1/2
Detroit.....	73 1/2-74	41 1/2-42 1/2	28 25-29 1/2
Toledo.....	73 1/2-74	41 1/2-42 1/2	28 25-29 1/2
Cincinnati.....	73 1/2-74	41 1/2-42 1/2	28 25-29 1/2
Pittsburg.....	73 1/2-74	41 1/2-42 1/2	28 25-29 1/2
Buffalo.....	73 1/2-74	41 1/2-42 1/2	28 25-29 1/2
*Detroit—Hay, No. 1 Timothy, \$12 75 per ton. Potatoes, 40 per bu. Live Poultry, spring chickens, 10c per lb; fowls, 10c; turkeys, 10c; ducks, 10c. Eggs, strictly fresh, 15c per dozen. Butter, best dairy, 140c per lb; creamery, 15c.			

Emperor William has issued stringent orders henceforth to exclude newspaper representatives from all public and semi-public functions where the emperor intends to speak.

Servia is on the verge of a revolution. The Obrenovitch dynasty, always hated, is certain to be overthrown now because of what is regarded as a swindle in which both the king and queen were involved. Alexander is showing strength for the first time in his life, and has repelled all suggestions from the cabinet that he divorce his queen.

## INDIAN RELICS ARE BOGUS.

**Southerners Doing a Profitable Business in Their Manufacture.**  
There is an organized system of imposture in Indian relics. Very few of those found in the cities were ever seen by redskins; they are made by wholesale for purpose of deceiving the credulous. One firm in North Carolina does a large business in this line. The fraud they practice is almost impossible to detect so thoroughly have they mastered the art. Recently this firm tried to palm off on Rev. J. H. Frazee, D. D., of Knoxville, Tenn., who is a collector, some of their goods, but without success. Dr. Frazee received a letter from the firm which mentioned that his name had been recommended by a prominent physician of Knoxville as a person who would likely wish to buy some relics. They represented that they had been making extensive collections of all kinds of relics and had disposed of some, but wished to go out of the business, and therefore would sell relics on hand cheap. The letter said a box of samples would be sent, which was done. Dr. Frazee examined the contents of the box and finding nothing that he did not already have returned them. Shortly afterward a man in the west who had heard of Dr. Frazee as a collector of Indian relics, wrote him, asking that he might put him in the way of getting some Tennessee relics. Dr. Frazee, having given little attention to the specimens from North Carolina, and not detecting the fraud, recommended to his western friend this firm as having represented that it had some relics for sale. In a short time the western man answered and branded the North Carolina firm as flagrant frauds. He had already fallen into their trap. He said the relics he had secured from the bogus dealers of North Carolina were difficult to detect from the real. He had the relics investigated by prominent collectors in the west, who could not determine accurately as to the fraud. The relics were then sent to government experts, who said the whole collection was bogus. The North Carolina tricksters have probably done an extensive business.—Chicago Chronicle.

## WESTERN CANADA'S DECEMBER WEATHER

Equal to That of May in Minnesota.

To the Editor:—Thomas Regan and C. Collins of Eden Valley, Minnesota, went out to Western Canada last December as delegates to look over the grazing and grain lands that are being offered at such low prices and reasonable terms. This is what they say: "We arrived in Calgary about the 20th of December and although we had left winter in Minnesota and Manitoba, we were surprised to find beautiful warm weather at this point, quite equal to what we have in May in Minnesota. There was no snow nor trace of winter to be seen, and the climate was really splendid. Horses, cattle and sheep were running out, in prime condition, with plenty of feed on the prairie, and really better than that of ours established in the south. We are impressed with this country as one of the finest mixed farming countries we have ever seen. The immense tracts of fertile lands well sheltered and abundantly watered leave nothing to be desired.

"Leaving Alberta we returned east and visited the Yorkton district in Assiniboia. We drove out about ten miles at this point and were highly pleased with the splendid samples of grain we were able to see—wheat yielding 25 bushels, oats 60 bushels. Roots were also good specimens. From what we have seen, we have decided to throw in our lot with the Yorktoners—satisfied that this part of the country will furnish good opportunities for anyone anxious to make the best of a really good country."


"Any agent of the Canadian government whose advertisement appears elsewhere in the columns of your paper will give you full particulars of the new districts being opened out this year in Assiniboia and Saskatchewan. Yours truly, Old Reader.

Private Mailing Card.  
Private Mailing Card with colored views of scenery on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway sent on receipt of ten (10) cents in stamps. Address F. A. Miller, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

Easy Way to Get Ice.

A Woolwich (Me.) man has filled his ice house with cakes which have floated down with a freshet. All the crew has had to do has been to watch for the fine, blue cakes and then float them into the ice house.

**W.L. DOUGLAS**  
WE USE FAST COLOR EYELETS  
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It is not alone the fact that makes a first class shoe it is the brain that has planned the last, the style, the perfect model of the foot, and the construction of the shoe. It is mechanical skill and knowledge that have made W. L. Douglas shoes the best in the world for men. There is no substitute. Insist on having W. L. Douglas shoes with name and price stamped on bottom. Your dealer should keep them, if he does not, send for catalog giving full instructions how to order by mail.  
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GEN. JOE WHEELER  
Says of Peruna: "I join Senators Sullivan, Roach and McNary in their good opinion of Peruna as an effective catarrh remedy."  
HALF ACTUAL SIZE.



The transportation facilities would seem to be ample for all possible demands of the mammoth crowds which are expected at the Pan-American Exposition. The entire street railway system of Buffalo, driven by the power of Niagara Falls, is so laid out as to secure direct communication from all parts of the city to the Exposition grounds. At the northern boundary of the grounds there has been built a fine steam railway station. A two-track steam belt line encircles the city of Buffalo, reaching this station, and all the steam railroads centering in Buffalo have access to these tracks. This means of transportation will be extensively used both for excursion trains from out the city and for conveying people from the various parts of the city to the grounds.


**Summer Vacations.**  
Spend yours this Summer in California. There is no telling when the trip can again be made so cheaply. July 6th to 13th inclusive, Round-Trip Tickets will be sold to San Francisco via the Southern Pacific Company's routes at rates less than the regular one-way fare and will be good for the return until August 31st. These tickets cover first-class passage and will allow holder to stopover at various points of interest en route either going or returning, or both, and can be purchased for passage going via any of the Southern Pacific Company's three routes, Sunset, Ogden or Shasta, returning the same or either of the others. Through Pullman Palace and Pullman Tourist sleeping cars. For particulars address W. G. Neimyer, G. W. A. S. P. Co., 238 Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

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\$3. & \$3.50 SHOES UNION MADE.  
Real worth of W. L. Douglas shoes is \$4 to \$5. \$3.50 pair of W. L. Douglas shoes cannot be equalled at any price.  
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